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THE NEW DOCTRINE.

PART 2.—CHAPTER XXIII.

[Continued.]

The sun had now risen above the mountain chain that marks the Alleghany; and, undimmed by clouds, poured her full splendor along the cold autumnal sky. The cold began to be severely felt, and the two friends, with their captive, moved back towards the cave, with the intention of availing themselves of the benefit of a fire. Dudley, oppressed and disabled by his wound, moved slowly and with difficulty; while Willoughby gave him as much aid as consistency would allow, with a proper exercise of watchfulness over Dennis, the prisoner.

Having reached the cave, they found Mr. Alarm Jonathan sitting motionless by the body of his son, absorbed in the same gloomy reflections that had filled and oppressed his mind the preceding evening. His melancholly situation disarmed the two friends of the last resentment they might have felt towards him. It was a considerable time before he could be aroused from his gloomy reverie; but when he had raised his head at length, his face betrayed such marks of suffering as could not be looked upon without tearful compassion.

Not wishing to increase the sufferings of the wretched man, Mr. Dudley had not intended to make himself known as the father of the sisters, whom Jonathan had so deeply wronged. But, as if conscience soght to bring all her retributions at once on so wanton a transgressor, the latter almost instantly recognized in Mr. Dudley the man whom he had met and deceived more than a year before, in the forest, and who, he had no doubt, was the father of Eveline and Iva.

'My God! my God! I shall never cease to suffer,' cried the self condemned man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The scene which followed the discovery announced in the last chapter, was distinguished by the numerous traits of character which it disclosed.

Mr. Dudley, who had learned by experience the real poignance of sorrow—though unacquainted, in the main, with the miseries of self-condemnation and reproach—and who was alive with sympathy for the woes of others, endeavored to soften the pangs which rent the peace of Mr. Alarm Jonathan; freely proffering him his forgiveness, and beseeching him to cease his self-reproach. But this act of generous kindness only seemed to make the wretched man more keenly sensible of the magnitude of his evil acts, and to increase his mental tortures.

'Oh,' cried he, 'you can't be sensible of the great evil I've done you. An angel from heaven would'nt forgive me as you have, if he knew all.'

'Believe me, my poor brother—'

'*Brother!* is it *you* that call *me* brother, after all the evil I've done you? Oh, I was right; you don't know—'

'Be composed, and listen to me, I entreat you. If you have any wish to atone for your sins, or to oblige me at all, be silent and hear me. I am not ignorant of the wrong you have done me; my good friend here, Mr. Willoughby, has told me all. I admit that, at first, I had a feeling of resentment toward you; but the moment I witnessed your present sufferings, I was disarmed of anger. I felt forcibly the truth of the Scripture declartions—that, 'He that doth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done;' and, 'There is no peace saith my God, to the wicked.'—And I saw that a wiser being than myself, in the laws he has instituted to govern human conduct, would punish you sufficiently without my intervention. I saw, furthermore, that you had been deluded in the conduct you had pursued—that you had been wrongly taught respecting the consequences of your actions; and that this error into which you had fallen was the principle cause of your crimes. Well, what course was I then to pursue? Was I to use the advantage which circumstances had given me, in crushing you into the earth. Was I to exult over your crimes, and glory in your rain? No, no.—Thus might a pagan have acted, who was ignorant, in a great measure, of his duties; but not so could I act, who profess to know something of the moral requirements of Christianity. I, as a Christian, must extend to you the hand of pardon; I, as a Christian, must breathe into your soul the words of kindness; I, as a Christian, must seek to lift you from your debasement, and instruct you in the knowledge of the truth and Christian duty.—God punishes you; it is for me to love you. It is for me to say, 'Oh, brother, come out of the darkness of sin and error, and clothe yourself in the beautiful garments of holiness and truth.' Yes, you are still my brother, though you have sinned and fallen—God has made of one blood all the children of humanity; sin cannot destroy the tie that links soul to soul; nor can it entirely efface the image of God from the mind. Then, oh, brother, there is pardon, and love, and hope for thee. God blesses the soul that forgives, therefore I forgive thee.'

Mr. Alarm Jonathan was overwhelmed with astonishment as he listened to these words. That a believer in the '*new doctrine*'—in despised and reprobated Universalism—should talk and act thus, was a source of inexpressible surprise to him, notwithstanding his religious sentiments had undergone a wonderful and mysterious change. Yet, as astonishment filled his mind and bewildered his thoughts, a sudden current of joy thrilled as it penetrated his soul, and he wept—*such* tears as never bedewed that man's face before!

And—marvellous indeed!—he knelt down, in the presence of Death and Dissolution, and raised, perhaps, the first acceptable prayer to Heaven, that had ever trembled upon his lips!

That prayer—oh, it was a simple but affecting demonstration of penitence and hope!

'Great and good Lord in heaven, wilt thou deighn to pardon and forgive my many crimes; and especially the wrong I did to the orphan pair—to poor Iva Dudley, more especially, who can't never say herself she forgives me!'

As these words arose, tremblingly but earnest, on the stillness of Morning, the robber, Dennis, trembled perceptibly, and became singularly white in the face. Dudley cast a hurried, anxions, and penetrating glance upon Willoughby. It will be remembered that the latter, in announcing to the former that his children were still living, fearful of overwhelming him with the sudden disclosure, had failed of acquainting him with the fact of Iva's insanity—hoping to break that information to him in such a manner as to prevent unhappy consequences. But he now saw that an explanation would be necessary, and trembled for its result—especially as Dudley's wound and exposure might aggravate the consequences of the disclosure.

Compelling him first to make himself as comfortable as possible by the fire which was blazing in the cave, he then made known to Dudley, in as guarded terms as were practicable, the fate of Iva.

As the father received this information—which explained to him all that had appeared mystical in the manners of Willoughby—a groan, expressive at once of the depth of his woe burst from his heart. Then his head dropped upon his bosom, and he remained silent many moments. No being save God knew what thoughts were passing in his mind—what recollections, what anticipations, what hopes and fears, clustered all darkly there! There are wrestlings with affliction that work up the soul to such a condition of agony, that it is fearful—it seems almost sacrilege to look in upon it. Then sympathising tones—manifestations of human kindness—even though the gates of Despair rise up in the gloom—ere the light of Hope bursts upon it, or the winged whisperings of Truth bid it rejoice.

The first cold wave of agony rolled away, and Dudley raised his face to view. It was calm, but pale with the recent struggle, and his voice, as he asked strength of God, to sustain him in trial, was slightly tremulous.

'Oh, I thought as much,' cried Mr. Alarm Jonathan, whose fears and reproaches arose onne more with intensity, 'you did not know all?'

'No, indeed, I knew not all the truth,' returned Dudley in a mournful voice.

'And so you'll not forgive me—you *cannot* forgive me *that!* But, but—as God lives, I was blinded—I thought—*he* preached—but it's no use, of course, it's no use to plead.'

During all this time Mr. Alarm Jona-

than had been sitting near the corpse. His agitation was now such, however, that he arose, and walked to and fro in the cave.

As he spoke these words, '*he preached*'—the robber was observed to shudder, and manifest symptoms of uneasiness.

Mr. Dudley assured the wretched Jonathan that he still forgave him, and begged him, in a tremulous voice, to say no more on the subject. He did not allude to the fact that it was by his own hand that Frank Jonathan had died, for he apprehended that it would only increase the agony of the wretched man—though the thought that he had caused the death of a fellow being, notwithstanding the circumstances connected with the event, had scarcely been absent from his mind.

And now another discovery was about to be made, which was destined to add still more to the grief of the unhappy Mr. Alarm Jonathan.

Hitherto he had bestowed little or no observation on the captive, nor had he remarked anything concerning the fright he had received from the supposed ghost.

Mr. Willoughby thinking that he would be pleased to assist in banishing from Jonathan's mind, any supernatural fear, connected with the last night's event, remarked that he had in care the cause of the heartless alarm to which he, Jonathan, had been subject.

Shuddering at the recollection of the alarm he had suffered, Jonathan surveyed Dennis with an anxious yet careful look. No sooner was this gaze turned upon him, than Dennis lowered his face, and grew alternately red and white, and manifested various signs of fear and uneasiness. All this was noted by Jonathan, who seemed, at one moment, to be exerting his mind for some recollection, and, at the next, struggling to repress some rising conviction.

'D'ye know this man?' asked Willoughby, noticing his excitement.

Jonathan yet hesitated, but kept his eyes riveted on Dennis, who, guilty, and fearful of discovery, blushed deeper than ever.

'By the Lord of Heaven and Earth,' cried Jonathan, at length, and, for a moment, forgetting everything in his astonishment—'*This is the Reverend Mr. Smiteall!*'

Then, with eyes rolling half out of their sockets with amazemnet, he advanced towards the confused ex-priest. 'In the name of God, how came you here, bound hand and foot like a villian?' he interrogated.

The robber answered not; but almost bent to the ground with shame.

'He *is* a villain,' said Willoughby, 'these fetters don't belie him at all.'

'What, he? the Reverend—'

'Reverend or no reverend, I tell you he is a villain! Have you forgotten the last night's doings?'

'Ah, now I remember: yes, he's certainly a bad man. Mr. Smiteall—you—'

He was interrupted by Dudley, who surprised and pained by being compelled to trace still more of his sorrows to the robber, looked earnestly upon him, and said—

'Oh, that I should be forced to view you as the author of every calamity, that has conspired to make me wretched! Can it be true that you are the individual who, protected by the cloak of Religion, was mainly the instrument in ruining the mind of my child? I would to God this were not true. I would I were not obliged to behold one who is capable of such impiety and utter recklessness.'

During this reproval, uttered in a mild and mournful voice, the robber bowed still lower, and shook with renewed fear; but he replied not.

Mr. Alarm Jonathan's surprise was almost too great for words to express.

Willoughby said, 'I'm not so much surprised at this discovery, as you might expect me to be. For, soon after this fellow left our house, in old Columbia, after he'd ruined *my* child—'(Mr. Jonathan expressed new surprise and consternation,)' we heard a rumor that he'd begun to preach, somewhere in the western country. When, at last, we moved to Konawango, and heard the wonderful accounts that were given of the revival-preacher, my poor wife—the Lord bless her forever!—took the notion into her head that this preacher and Jim Simpson—for that's the true name of this chap—were all one and the same. And so firm was this notion established on her mind, that she could scarcely hear any thing said about Mr. Smiteall, at last, without crying or getting faint. One day Miss Eveline Dudley happened to mention Mr. Smiteall's name to her, when she became so much affected as to alarm the girl. Well, finally, I began too, to have some faith in this notion, and to—'

He was interrupted by a movement on the part of the prisoner, who, at this moment, made a desperate effort to gain the mouth of the cave and escape. He had nearly attained his first object—for the effort had been well, chosen and the move a quick one—when the strong arm of Willoughby arrested him.

'You can't play that game, sir,' said he, bringing him back—for, with both arms tied with chords, he could make no manner of resistance, even if disposed to do so. 'No, sir, that won't do at all; you make too much, mischief to be allowed your liberty.'

As the robber was brought back into the cave, it was observed that his face was deathly pale, and that his breath was heavy with fear.

'Save me,' he cried, faintly, 'save me, for the love of God!'

Just then, voices were heard without the cave saying in loud tones—'*Hang him on the first tree! let him die without mercy!*'

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CHAPTER XXV.

At the period which I am now writing an individual whom I shall call Frost, was accustomed to run huge quantities of lumber down the Konawango and the Alleghany, to be disposed of in southern markets. Frost had long been engaged in this business; resided on the former of the two rivers named; and was reputed wealthy—for more of the wealth of the region of which I am writing, was obtained, and is still obtained, through the lumber market, than through any other source. But Frost was little respected by those who knew him, for he was sour in disposition, and coarse in conduct. He was passionate to the greatest extreme—his temper was easily roused, but not easily quelled; and report said that desperate weapons had more than once settled the difference between himself and a foe.—His revenge was dark and remorseless—he forgave but when the knife was at the vital point of his victim's heart. Numerous were the litigations in which he had been engaged, both on account of his violence and his dishonesty. These uniformly resulted favorably to himself—thanks to a body of individuals who were entirely under his influence, and who regarded Mammon more than they did Conscience.

We have said that Frost was little respected by those who knew him. However, as he usually managed to be in possession of pretty large sums of money, and as the neighboring settlers were generally in want of that article, he found little difficuity in engaging hands to assist him in running his raft—for the men tho't they could afford to endure the ill-temper of the boss for a few days, for the sake of his money, which would essentially aid them in supporting their families. Besides, though I grieve to say it, acquaintance with rough and uncultivated scenes had tended to make some of the men less nice on moral points than they should have been.

Now it happened that the raft which has heretofore been spoken of, and to aid in running which Mr. Jonathan and Willoughby had engaged, was owned by the aforesaid Frost. Frost, during the progress of running his rafts, was seldom on board, but usually on shore. Mounted on a fleet and superb Virginian horse, he generally road along in the old path we have before mentioned, keeping within a league or so of the raft, or approaching it, occasionly, to give some order. On the day of the attempted robbery, which resulted in the death of Frank Jonathan, Frost had spurred his animal on, some considerable distance in advance of the raft,—for a bend in the river gave him much the advantage in the way of distance,—when he determined to pause and await its approach. Night came on, however, and the raft did not arrive. As the clouds had not yet rolled away, and the darkness was too thick to render travelling safe at that hour, he dismounted, stripped the saddle and bridle from his beast, and turned him loose—while he sought, beneath the trunk of a prostrate tree, shelter for the night. As the morning dawned, he called his well trained animal to him, saddled and bridled him, and rode back to ascertain the cause of the raft's delay—for he was well enough assured it had not passed him in the night—well knowing the impracticability of such an event.

He was not long arriving at the rock against which the raft had been wrecked, when he beheld part of his lumber floating away before the rapid current, and the rest in great danger of being lost—but to save which the men were labouring with all their strength.

At this sight, Frost burst into a tempest of curses; and, while his Virginian reared and pranced on the edge of the rocks, he called loudly to the men, asking them in no very civil style, the cause of the accident. When this was told him, his wrath, as may readily be conjectured, was by no means diminished.

'What!' he yelled, 'are you such fools, villains, cowards, that you suffer a single son of ——to play you this game. Here's one thousand dollars, at the least calculation, gone to the——, just on account of your fooling or cowardice! By the Justice of Jupiter, if—'

But here his wrath was too overpowering for words; for, at this moment, the remnant of the raft, either through design or necessity, escaped with the current entirely rent in

pieces; while the men with difficulty escaped to the shore, drenched to their skins, and in nearly as much ill humor as Frost himself.

'What!, yelled the latter again, as he recovered the ability to speak, 'will ye forsake my lumber thus? Into the water again with you; into the water you villains, you dogs—d'ye hear?'

But no one manifested any disposition to obey this order. Perhaps it would have been honored more, had it been couched in milder terms; but that any one would have obeyed it even then is not very probable—for the idea of securing a raft when floating on such a tide, and in loose pieces, was too preposterous to be indulged by sober-headed men.

'Let him fish up his own coppers,' said Tall Bones; 'As for me, I reckon as how my jacket is wet enough already.'

'And I,' said another, 'am not sufficiently in want of another cold bath, as to obey so tiger-like a personage.'

Frost soon saw that his wrath availed him nothing in that direction; he therefore, bethought himself to inquire where he could find the mysterious cause of all the mischief against whom he meditated a terrible revenge.

Having ascertained that he had been taken to the cave, he dismounted, tied his Virginia blood to a tree, drew a long, firm cord from his pocket, and secured his girdle containing pistols and knife. While these preparations were going on, the men looked significantly at each other, for a fearful purpose seemed to be stamped on the hard, cold features of Frost.

'You think it's likely, don't you, boys,' said he, in a voice strangely altered, 'you think it's likely this chap deserves to die?'

'What! for loosening the raft?' asked one.

'Not altogether for that, but for certain other reasons.'

'I think circumstances strongly favor the notion,' remarked another, on whose face cruelty and recklessness were written.

'*Let us go to the cave and ask the wounded man*,' suggested another, with a significant wink.

And with these words, the whole party moved on towards the cave—some with the dark purpose of murder in their hearts, and others curious as to the result of the adventure.

And now a strange scene was about to be enacted—yes, at once strange, fearful and beautiful!

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CHAPTER XXVI.

It is remarkable how one mind is influenced by another—how the calmness that may pervade in scores of minds, uninfluenced by any extraordinary event, or powerful passion, may be moved to a tempest by the suggestion of an evil nature, or the sudden promptings of a dark propensity. There are times in which human feelings are in that peculiar condition which renders them susceptible of being influenced; either for good or for evil, with little effort. Thus, before they had listened to the remarks and insinuations of Frost, the raftsmen, though much incensed against the professed ghost, had no thoughts of perpetrating, or being accessory to, any dark crime. Now, however, a part of them felt the demon rise in their bosoms. Something prompted them to seek a summary vengence for—they knew not what; unless the last offence of the ghost was sufficiently enormous to justify an example of lynch law.

Such, in fine, was the character of the influence which the last few moments exercised on the minds of several of the men, that they seemed fitted for almost any project their leader might have in view.

Dark-browed, heated with excitement, and panting with passion, Frost, accompanied by four men who had partaken somewhat of his spirit, approached the cave. Half a dozen yards from its mouth, they paused and consulted—leaving the remainder of the men several rods in the rear.

Then was heard those horrid words, with which a previous chapter was closed—'*Hang him on the first tree; let him die without mercy!*'

And with bounds, and yells of fury, these men rushed into the cave. Determined to terrify their victim to the extent of their ability, they added artificial horror—so to speak—to their actions, which, in the outset, promised to be sufficiently terrible. Their appearance, disclosing ferocity and cruelty, might have csused the boldest to draw back.

Having advanced within a few feet of Simpson—for by that name we must henceforth designate the robber-preacher—they paused and riveted their fiery eyes upon him. Seemingly unconscious of everything else around them, they permitted the infernal purpose that ruled in their hearts, to blaze forth in their flaming eyes.

Poor Jim Simpson! he read his fate in those flaming, blood-shot organs! All unnerved by the terrible fears that seized him, he crawled to the further extremity of the cave, begging in piteous tones to be protected.

Still the terrible Frost, with his iron hearted companions, stood immovable.

But by this time, Dudley and Willoughby had recovered from their astonishment which the sudden entrance of these men had created.

Dudley spoke.

'My good friends, may I enquire why you have come here?'

'For vengeance!' yelled Frost, with a horrid grin.

'On whom seek you to be avenged?'

'On *him!*' add he pointed to the trembling Simpson.

'What has he done, my friend, that he should deserve your vengeance?'

'He has attempted to rob a corpse—' and here Frost's eyes fell, for the first time, on the object he had named. With a shudder, he started back, and paused. Recovering himself in a moment however, he went on—'He has attempted to rob a corpse; has sent my lumber to the ——; and, besides this, is a villain and robber by profession.'

'And what is the vengaence you propose to take, my friends?' asked Dudley in a calm, composed voice, the value of which he was now testing.

Frost, instead of replying, held up to view, in his heavy, brawney hand, the cord, before mentioned.

Every spectater shuddered as he beheld the demon glance of Frost, which accompanied the demonstration of his purpose. Dudley, however, seeing that he had a difficult task, recovered himself quickly, and said, in a calm firm tone—

'You deceive me, my friends; you deceive us all. You do not think seriously of hanging this poor man; of course you do not.'

'But I do, Mister Smooth-Tongue; and, what's more, I *will!*' thundered Frost, impatiently. 'Come, boys, draw him forth; I'm eager to see him swing!' And he laughed horridly.

[To be Continued.]

DENOMINATIONAL BOOKS IN BUFFALO.

A choice assortment of Denominational and Sunday School Lessons and Library Books, is kept constantly on sale at No. 68 Clinton street, Buffalo, by Br. S. R. Smith. The public has been led to suppose that he had transferred them to other hands. He has not done so. Nor can the Universalist publications be found in the city in any other place, except a few works not strictly denominational. The Registers for 1848, can only be obtained of Br. S. The Rose of Sharon, for 1848, is also for sale by Br. S. Denominational papers in this and the western States please copy.

FURTHER POSTPONEMENT OF DISCUSSION.

I regret to announce that the contemplated Discussion between Rev. D. Holmes and myself, which was to commence on the second Tuesday in November, must be *further postponed*. One of the articles of agreement provided that the debate should be taken down by a competent Reporter, and published in book form. The parties have agreed with J. C. Derby, & Co., of Auburn, to execute this work. Mr. Derby has just informed me that he has been disappointed in procuring the services of a good Reporter, and that he will not be able to obtain one by the second Tuesday in Nov. A postponement, therefore, is indispensable. I trust whoever read this notice, will circulate it among those who will be likely not to see it. The time for the discussion to take place, has not yet been determined. It will be announced in due season. J. M. A.

NEW SUPPLY OF BOOKS.

Just received Voice to the Married, 63; Mrs. Scotts Poems; 63; Williamson's Arguments for Christianity, 50; do. Exposition of Universalism, 50; Rev. O. A. Skinner's Review of E. F. Hatfield's attack apon Universists and Universalism, 19; Ballou on Future Retribution, 50; Adventures of Elder Tub, Br. George Rogers' last work, 50; Review of M. H. Smith, 75; Christian Comfortor, by Rev. Henry Bacon, 50; The Flower Basket, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, 44; vols. i. ii. iii. and iv., of the Juvenile Library, 50 cts. each; "Orthodoxy as it is," 50; Dod's Sermons, 75; and Sunday school Library and Class Book. The Almanac and Register for 1848, is received; $1.00 per dozen, $6.50 per hundred, 13 cents single. We expect a supply of the Rose of Sharon for 1848 immediately. Cash orders for any of the above works, promptly attended to.

ALMANAC AND REGISTER FOR 1848,

A supply of this useful Annual is just received, and for sale at this office. It contains 20 pages of reading matter, besides the statistics and Register and Almanac. Three articles from the pen of Br. A. B. Grosh, entitled "The Safe Side," "Injurious, if false; and useful, if true;" and "Unity of Faith and Spirit." "Ancient History of Universalism," a brief compendium from a work by Br. Hosea Ballou, 2d, occupies a dozen pages, and an article by Br. J. L. C. Griffin, of Virginia, the remainder. This excellent little work should be in every Universalist family. The price is the same as last year, viz: 12 1-2 cts. single, $1.00 per dozen, and $6.50 per hundred. *Copies can be sent by Mail*, as pamphlets and periodicals do not come under the newspaper restriction of pre-payment.—Send in your *cash* orders, and they will be promptly attended to. A. W.

[Original.]

EDITORIAL ITCH.

The Editorial Itch is an afflictive disease, and no denomination of Christians have been more troubled with it than ours. But like the seven year itch, persons seldom have it but once! Some persons become inflated with the idea that *they* are *great* men; and if really great, they must be *Editors*, and forthwith they start a paper. Others attempt to publish and Edit papers from pure motives. But from a lack of means and support, they soon fail, and the itch is effectually cured. Have not enough of our Preachers and laymen been scourged in the operation of starting papers in diverse places? We have enough (and *more* than enough religious papers now in existence) and I go for supporting our *old* papers in preference to those springing up and going down like Jonah's gourd. I have aided to swell the lists of some *new* papers with the old. I am now done with lending my aid to get subscriptions for *new* papers, in our denomination. We shall need no new papers for many years to come.—Universalists should lend their aid to well established papers, and thus make them what they should be—let their lists be increased. Every paper which springs up among us and dies, is on the whole, an injury to the denomination. Shall we never learn wisdom by experience?—Subscribers are generally permanent, and they do not wish to have their paper pass through three or less changes in one year. I deeply sympatize with publishers who loose by it, and feel desirous to have this scourge ended.

Who will get the Editorial Itch next? I have heard that a Br. in Western N. Y. has thought of starting a New paper. If he permits the Itch to break out, *brimstone* will not cure it—nothing but money lost will.

J. R. J.

Victor, N. Y.

[Original.]

BAPTIST JUSTICE—COURAGE AND CONSISTENCY.

'For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.'—JOHN iii: 20.

It is known to the readers of the Magazine and Advocate, that I have recently written for publication, several letters addressed to the Rev. W. Tillinghast, in relation to my connection with and expulsion from the Baptist church in Stratford. On the appearance of the first number of those letters before the public, I was, by implication, charged with selecting a paper through which to address Elder T., that was likely to be read only by pro slavery men and Universalists.

Not wishing to have the reading of my letters confined to any particular portion of community, I respectfully requested the editor of the Christian Contributor and Free Missionary, a Baptist paper, printed in the city of Utica, to copy them from the Magazine and Advocate. I gave the editor in a brief and respectful manner my reasons for wishing him to publish those letters; and in case he did not see fit to give them a place in his columns, I asked him to publish the request, [which if I recollect right, was all written on about one page of common letter paper,) so that his readers might be informed that I had applied to the 'Contributor' for their publication, and of the reason why. The *justice-loving* editor of the Contributor, after acknowledging the request a respectful one, instead of treating it in a manner at all worthy of a Christian editor, comes out with an editorial, in which, after respetfully assuring the writer of his entire willingness to publish a well written article on either side of the question of endless punishment, (which by the way, was something that I had never asked him to do,) he refuses to publish the article referred to in the Magazine,—labors to prejudice the minds of his readers against it, by telling them in substance, that it is unfit to appear before the public—suppresses the publication of the letter addressed to himself—makes a few side thrusts at Universalism—expresses some fears that I have neglected my closet devotions—expresses much kindness of feeling; and winds up with some very good advice to his young correspondent!

Not having penetration enough to discover the justice or consistency of friend Grosvenor in thus disposing of the matter, I wrote a reply to his editorial—noticing his reasons for refusing to comply with my request, and his remarks concerning it; and asked him to oblige me by giving it a place in his paper. This he refused to do also; and for reasons which I have not time to notice, at present, but which, if I am not altogether beside myself, would make *common honesty blush*, and *consistency* hang her head and *weep*. I have no disposition to question the Editor's legal right to judge of the propriety of admitting into his columns, articles sent to him for publication. But I very seriously question his having any moral right to come out in his editorial with an attempt to blacken the character of an article that he *dare* not publish, and then close his columns against the reply to his ungentlemanly attack. And I think, if the Editor of the Contributor had, on reflection, been altogether conscious of the truth or consistency, or even the fair seeming of his remarks, he would not have hesitated to publish the reply. Will those who have read my letters to Elder T. in the Magazine, just read the passage of Scripture at the head of this article, and then notice the following?

I wrote Mr. G. a letter requesting him to publish what I had written to Elder Tillinghast. In case he refused to do this, I asked him to publish my letter to himself; which contained my reasons for wishing him to publish the other. He refused to publish the one addressed to Elder T.—suppressed the publication of the one addressed to himself—came out in his editorial and told his readers, in substance, that the first was void of all claim to public notice, without giving them the least opportunity to judge for themselves; and, to cap the climax, closed his columns against my reply to his back-handed thrusts at the character of my communications. He has since offered, as an *excuse* for refusing to publish my reply, that my *name* was not called in question in his editorial. Intelligent people, who have read what has been made public, in regard to this matter, will, doubtless, readily see that the Editor of the Contributor, is entitled to my everlasting gratitude, for thus carefully concealing my name from the public, while he was telling them that the Spirit of my writings did not at all harmonize with the professions of that sect of people, whose views I had embraced; but did harmonize with that usually manifested by those who hold said views.—Surely no person, acquainted with the circumstances, (and how many of those to whom I am known, are not?) will dream that the name of Editor G.'s correspondent, whose writings were so full of bitterness that they were unfit to appear before the public, was John H. Philleo.—But no thanks to friend Grosvenor for concealing my name. I am not in the habit of sailing under false colors; or in other words, of writing for publication that to which I am afraid or ashamed to sign my name. I intentionally give public currency to nothing, for which I am not willing to be held accountable to God and man. The Editor of the Contributor may rest assured that that reply, together with the above named request, and his editorial, will be published hereafter; unless the columns of all religious papers within my reach are closed against it. And I think, after what has come to pass, my Orthodox friends will have little reason to find fault, if it first makes its appearance in public, in a Universalist paper. Judging from the treatment I had received from them, I had little reason to expect that the Editor of the Contributor would publish my letters. But I did expect, and I had a right to expect, in view of his professions and standing, that they would be disposed of in a gentlemanlike, if not in a Christianlike manner.

In this, if I am any judge, I was mistaken. But I am becoming somewhat used to being disappointed in this way. And if men disappoint me much, hereafter, by their high sounding professions, it will be my own fault; unless I am deprived of the means of knowing what their every-day practices are.

The reader will bear in mind, that the 'Contributor' is an *Anti-slavery* paper; and charges those Editors who close their columns against that which they do not wish the people to *examine*, with being *afraid of the light*. Elder Tillinghast is a correspondent of the Contributor; and an *Anti-slavery* minister;—a great lover of *equal rights* and *free discussion!*

This may account, in a measure, for the Editor's unwillingness to publish any thing concerning it. I ask but simple justice at the hands of the Editor of the Contributor. I ask no more at the hands of the Baptist church of Stratford or its pastor. After what has recently been revealed, I should think myself quite fortunate to receive a very small share of that. I have, recently, received from the Baptist church, a copy of the minutes of their proceedings, in relation to my expulsion therefrom; to which, together with a certain report that had been circulated by one of the deacons of the church, I felt bound to call their attention. They, it seems, for reasons which, I think, I shall have no difficulty in explaining, saw fit to crush and cover it up, as the best means of disposing of it. I have not been deprived of my manhood, by having been denied the Christian name, by the Baptist church; nor of my claim to the rights of a human being. I ask justice at their hands, not as a boon, but as a *right* which they are bound not to withhold. Till Elder T., Editor G., and the Baptist church, manifest a disposition to pay some little regard to what seems to me to be common honesty, they may rest assured that their professions, as lovers of liberty and equal rights, will meet with an occasional rebuke.

J. H. PHILLEO.

Clinton Lib. Institute, Oct., 1847.

[Original.]

CONFERENCE IN CHAPINSVILLE.

BR. WALKER.—The Conference at Chapinsville on the 17th and 18th of November was a fine affair. Brs Ackley, Roberts, J. M. Austin, Montgomery, Hayward, J. J. Austin, E. Case, Jr., and J. R. Johnson, were present.

Sermons were preached by O. Roberts, H. L. Hayward, G. W. Montgomery, J. J. Austin, J. R. Johnson, and J. M. Austin, aided in the services by Brs. Ackley and Case. We had a social conference Wednesday evening, in which Brs. Ackely, Austin, Case, and Montgomery participated. Br. Montgomery preached Thursday evening in the Baptist church, Canadaigua, to a good congregation—Several legal gentlemen were present,—This is the first time that Universalism was ever preached in a meeting house in that place—our friends have had preaching there in time past in a ball-room.

The old Ontario Asso. of Universalists, is awake—the preachers are busy. We have circulated thousands of Tracts the past four months. The signs are prosperous. Our young Br. E. Case Jr., is attempting a resurrection of the Cause, at Geneva—Success to him: he is worthy of aid and support.

The friends in the borough of Chapinsville kindly received and entertained visitors to the conference; and *good* must be the result. Where shall the next Conference be? If any of the Societies in this Asso., wish to have a conference they will please make the same known to me, and as clerk I will appoint the time and place of meeting. Send in requests.

Yours, &c., J. R. JOHNSON.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A terrible realization of the story of Ginevra, treated by Rogers and Shelley, and of the song of the 'Mistletoe Bough,' occurred recently at Glasgow, Scotland, according to an English paper. Three lads, two of them brothers, and the other a cousin of the two, were missing. At first their absence did not give rise to inquietude, but, at length, search being made, they were nowhere to be found. On the third day of their absence, a carter, employed about the premises where the children were last seen, went to the stable for the purpose of

procuring some feed for his horse. The provender, says the account, was kept in a corn chest, a box six feet long and about three feet deep, with three separate compartments, and secured on the outside with a hasp, which fastened into a staple in the side of the chest.

On opening the lid the man was horor-stricken at finding the three young boys motionless at the bottom of the chest, each occupying one of the compartments.—He immediately summoned assistance, and they were taken out; but it was found that two of them, James Wilson, aged eleven, and Charles Wilson, about a year younger, were quite dead, and had been so apparently, for a considerable length of time. The youngest, a boy between seven and eight years, showed some signs of life, and by prompt medical attendance he gradually revived, so as to be able to state what had been the melancholy catastrophe. The brothers and cousin had gone into the chest in search of beans, and while so engaged the lid, which, as has already been stated, is secured on the outside by an iron hasp, fitting into a staple, closed on them. In falling, the hasp, as it most unfortunately happened, fixed into the staple, and all the united strength of the poor captives was insufficient to enable them to burst the bands of what, too truly, proved their tomb.

On the side at which the youngest boy was found the lid did not fit so close as the other parts, and to the limited supply of air which had been admitted thro' the crevice, is to be attributed his preservation. They had endeavored to support each other's courage as well as they could in their dismal dungeon; and before giving up hope one of them broke the blade of his penknife in the attempt to make an incision through the side of the chest. After they had exhausted themselves with unavailing shouts and cries, which were not heard on earth, they all joined in prayer. This is the last circumstance which the surviving sufferer recollects, as he soon after became insensible.

THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

During Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow, with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt of about forty shillings had been increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good natured countenance could assume.

'You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable.'

The attorney however pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow and her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropping on her knees and with much grateful emotion exclatmed,

'God forever bless you, Madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin.'

The children beholding their mother's tears, added by their cries to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy.—The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowing scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner replied.

'There, there; now it's all over. Go, good woman, God bless you! Don't say another word.'

The grateful creature would have replied but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh:

'Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee!'

The figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humor retreating a few paces she replied,

'No, I won't shake hands with you.'

'Why?'

'Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!'

'The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my Great Master without feeling the spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?'

'Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player.'

The preacher sighed.

'Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name.'

After a short pause he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance replied,

'The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit; and as to thy calling if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should.'

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded, arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her saying,

'Fare the well, sister. I know not what the principle of thy calling may be. Thou art the first that I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day the Almighty God will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*'—[Life of Mrs. Jordan.

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

REV. D. SKINNER, EDITOR.
Revs. J. M. Austin, S. J. Gibson, Corresponding Editors.

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1847.

HORRIBLE DEEDS—CLERGYMEN TURNED MURDERERS.

We were surprised on taking up the 'Utica Democrat' of last week, to find in its columns no less than *two deaths* of respectable gentlemen, both said to have been effected by Orthodox clergymen, about whom, until now, we had never heard nor suspected any thing wrong but their faith, which we always regarded as rather *deathly* in its tendency. The first of these cases was the death of Mr. Lorenzo D. Dana, effected at Chittenango on the 26th ult, by Rev. James Abell. The second tragic event of the same kind occurred at Verona Centre, on the 31st ult. where the death of Mr. A. Z. Taylor, was borught about by the Rev. R. A. Avery, (not Ephraim K Avery, recollect reader.) And what was very remarkable in both these lamentable cases, the gentlemen whose deaths are recorded both died to certain *ladies* named in the accounts. The former Mr. Dana, died to Miss Lucy A., daughter of Robert Sanford; and the latter, Mr. Taylor, died to Miss A. R. Smith. Can the Democrat explain the reason of this peculiar phraseology? Does it mean that the gentlemen died to the *love* of these ladies, or to the *sins* which these ladies have caused them to commit? or, interpreting by the rule of contraries, does it mean that they died to all the world but those ladies? And if so, why was their death said to have been effected by clergymen.

After all, is it not possible that these 'Horried murders' were effected entirely by the carlessness of the compositor in making up his form, by transferring the *Hymenial* notices to the *Obituary* head? If so, we hope the *amende honorable* will be made, and those Orthodox clergymen cleared of the dreadful imputation of murder thus bro't against them by the Democrat. If this were really the fact of the case, it is rather fortunate that the new form was not used, 'Mr. *and* Miss,' &c., instead of the old form, 'Mr. *to* Miss,' &c., for in the former case there would have been *four* deaths recorded instead of *two!* 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely; the priests bear rule by their means; and the people love to have it so. And what will ye do in the end thereof?'

A. M. WORDEN AND HIS SUSPENSION.

We have just received a communication from Br. J. Baker, of Madrid, in reply to the letter from Mr. Worden recently published in this paper, solemnly asserting his entire innocence of the crime laid to his charge, for which he was suspended from the fellowship of our denomination. We deem it unnecessary to publish Br. B's communication, either for his own vindication, or that of the Committee of Discipline of the St. Lawrence Association; and indeed improper to publish much if any thing more on the subject, on either side, previous to the trial of Mr. Worden, in case he returns to take his trial at the next session of the Association; as it might tend to forestall public opinion and operate prejudicially to a fair trial.

In justice to Br. Baker, however, we will state that in this article he informs the public that the resolution containing the notice of W's suspension from fellowship was from the Committee of Discipline, who did not know of W's locality, and he, (Br. B.,) had no right to alter the resolution, though he received a letter from W. on the same day. Hence, he is not guilty of the duplicity W. charges him with. In the next place, Br. B.'s communication contains what purport to be correct copies (and we have no doubt they are) of two letters written by W. since he has been in Michigan, to different friends of his in the St. Law. Asso. which are not only inconsistent with each other, but utterly incompatible with his letter to the public which appeared in this paper of the 5th ult. In one of them he tacitly admits the truth of the charge preferred against him, or at least the possibility of its truth, and instead of seeking to evade or deny, undertakes to *justify* himself in his illicit conduct! at the same time, he speaks of the public odium overwhelming him and driving him almost to insanity and compelling him to leave the paris. Br. B. says 'more evidence can be furnished when needed.' But we think the matter should rest here, so far as the public is concerned, till Mr. W. has a chance for a fair trial and his guilt or innocence shall be made to appear. He is now under suspension by the action of a prudent and judicious Committe of Discipline, who believe, from the evidence in their possession that he is a guilty man.

We do not doubt that both Br. Baker, the clerk of the Association, and the committee of discipline, acted perfectly conscientiously in the matter, and performed what was to them a very painful duty. We do not censure them, but sympathise with them, but at the same time we do not think it politic or proper to be often parading this disagreeable matter before the public, especially in its details, however inconsistent or contradictory may be the statements of the accused, or however clear they may think the evidence of his guilt. When convicted or cleared, let the facts be given to the public.

If any other papers have copied Mr. W's article from ours, we think they should also copy this, or give the substance of it.

The same reasons that induce us to withhold Br. B.'s article (and another one since received from him) will,

we doubt not be satisfactory to Br. Holbrook for withholding his on the same subject from the public.

☞ This article was prepared for last week and inadvertently crowded out.]

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT—LETTER FROM UNCLE JOE.

Mr. Walker—Dear Sir:—I see that all the papers about us present to their young readers a *Juvenile Department*. The Magazine and Advocate is an exception to the rule, which I do not like to see. I have thought therefore of making you a proposition. It is this; If a worthier editor can not be obtained for such a column in the Mag. and Advocate, I will assume the responsible duties myself, and on the most reasonable terms.

If you or your young friends wish to know any thing about me, I need only inform you that I am an *old bachelor*, about fifty years of age, of a respectable size, and rather good looking. My hair is a dark brown, my eyes large and blue, my nose, if any thing, a little too long, and my front teeth still sound, and able to discuss all sorts of subjects, from a piece of mince-pie or a slice of beef, down to a Greening or Seek-no-further. So much for my person. I dress in good fashion, and wear an overcoat when it is cold, and always carry an umbrella with me when I go a journey.

In respect to my intellectual qualifications, I need only say that, when a boy, I was familiar with Dilworth's Spelling-book, and read several times through Webster's 'Third Part' of sound memory, and also the 'American Preceptor.' In the *practical* part, I hold myself pretty well qualified. I fortunately have four brothers and three sisters, all of whom are married and have lots of children. Among these young folks, I am familiary known as 'Uncle Joe,' and every urchin in the neighborhood is glad to see me coming, because my pockets are always charged with apples, nuts or other treasures for their advantage. When I set down in a neighbor's house I am always loaded down by children of all ages and both sexes, who are urgently solicitous for a good story. Of this latter commodity I have a pretty good assortment.—Ghost stories, bear stories, fairy stories, besides an immense number of all sorts of miscellaneous stories.

I was once offered the Superintendence of a Sunday School, but as I am naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, and unfitted for public office, I declined the honor in favor of my eldest nephew, who has distinguished himself in that capacity for more than seven years.—True, I am always present, and often 'exercise my gifts' in talking to the children and giving them some good advice.

Should this offer be acceptable to you, your young readers will become better acquainted with me hereafter. And should you succeed in obtaining a better Editor, of which I have no doubt, the young folks will often hear from 'Uncle Joe' at Lime Brook.

Lime Brook, Nov. 16, 1847.

Remarks.—We are right glad to receive and publish the above liberal and kind offer from 'Uncle Joe;' and we very thankfully accept it, anticipating from his labors of love much amusement, instruction and gratification, both to ourselves and our young readers, big and little of both sexes. We have long thought of the subject of opening a Youth or Juvenile Department to our paper, and desired to do it; but did not find time, amidst the multiplicity of other cares and duties, nor indeed did we think ourselves exactly calculated, to fill such department. But both those difficulties are now over-ruled or removed by the very liberal offer of 'Uncle Joe.' We have long known him, and have the fullest confidence that he will do ample justice to the young folks. He is an excellent old man, that 'Uncle Joe,' and withal very good humored and entertaining in his stories.

'CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.'

A new volume of this weekly paper has lately been commenced, greatly enlarged and otherwise improved, insomuch that it can justly claim, and we trust will receive an increase of patronage. It is now nearly as large as the Gospel Banner, which is the largest paper published in our denomination. It is edited and published by our well-known and faithful brethren, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkley, at $2 per annum in advance. Address S. C. Bulkley & Co.

We have always, from the very commencement of the Messenger, some Sixteen years ago, been on the most friendly and fraternal terms with this paper and with its editors and publishers, Br. P. Price having for a good portion of the time been both editor and publisher. We have never had any controversies or unhappy rivalries or sparring with any one connected with it; and we are pretty confident, from our acquaintance with the present conductors of it, that we shall not have with them. We cordially greet the Messenger in its new dress and enlarged dimensions, wishing it abundant success, able correspondents, and many and prompt paying subscribers.—We believe two Universalist papers, one for the city and vicinity and one for Central and Western New York, can live and do well in this State if the Universalist public will but do its duty, and render them that efficient support which it can do without any injury, but with decided benefit to itself.

EXECUTION OF MARY RUNKLE.

After the trial, conviction and sentence of this unhappy and doubtless guilty woman we noticed her case and took occasion to remark that we should not be among those who would petition the Governor for her pardon, and that we believed, if any one deserved hanging she did. While the law of capital punishment exists it should be carried out; but we think the law is wrong, for the reasons we then stated, and ought to be abolished: and we believe it will be ere long in this and most of the States in the Union. Had not the fear of man more than the fear of God, and a time serving spirit operated on many of the members of the present Legislature of this State, who in their private judgment owned themselves opposed to capital punishment, that bloody law would ere this day have been blotted out from our statute book, and a more just and salutary and restraining law substituted in its place. Well, let not the opponents of Capital Punishment despair, nor give up the object of their pursuit till it is attained: it will, it must be attained ere long.

Mrs. Runkle was executed at the jail in Whitesboro in this county, about four miles from this city, agreeably to the sentence pronounced upon her by his Hon. Judge Gridley, a little past 12 o'clock, on the 9th of November, in the presence of twelve jurymen chosen by the County Sheriff, as witnesses. She is said to have been very respectably connected, or related to worthy families, in Montgomery co. One of her relatives was present from that county and took charge of her body after the execution. The following account of her life and execution is somewhat abridged from the Oneida Morning Herald.

'Mrs. Mary Runkle was born in the town of Root, Montgomery county, N. Y., and is at this time about 50 years of age. She was married to her late husband in her native town, and states that she became jealous of him about a year after marriage since which time a continual series of difficulties have occurred between them.

She acknowledges that she obtained goods upon a forged order, about ten years after her marriage, and says it was her first crime.

Not long afterwards, a pedlar passed through the section where she resided, and sold goods on a credit of four or five weeks. Not appearing at the expiration of that time to make his collections, suspicions were aroused; and as the result of inquiry the pedlar was tracked as far as the house of Mr. Runkle, but no farther trace of him could be obtained.

Her children having been at school, when spoken to about their new dresses, stated that her mother had plenty of such cloth, and having repeated that remark to the school teacher, in their mother's presence, were soon after found drowned in a tub of briny water—the depth being but a few inches. It is generally belived thet she murdered the pedlar, and afterwards *her own children*, to prevent detection. This she denies.

One of the offences she acknowledges, is the robbing of a church in Fulton, of its cushions, &c. She was arrested, but evaded the law by settlement. She has also been charged with poisoning her son, who, she says died of the measles.

Various offences have been charged against her, of which she may or may not have been guilty. It is certain that she was a depraved and high tempered woman, and if innocent of the crime for which her life has this day been forfeited, her previous conduct had been such as to confirm suspicion, and remove doubts of her guilt from the public mind generally.

Since that time, she has been convicted of several offences, in some of which she acknowledged her guilt, but denies it in others, and has been arrested and tried on some of which she is supposed to be guilty.

The circumstance of her husband's death are yet fresh in the memory of our readers. He was found dead in the morning, when the neighbors were called, with bruises upon him which have afforded sufficient evidence of her guilt in the minds of the Court before which she had her trial. She acknowledges a quarrel between them, but charges the blame on him, and avers she did not intend to murder him, but did so in defending herself from his assaults. She obliged her daughter, (a girl of but 11 years of age,) to become either the unwilling accessory or the affrighted witness of the affray.

It is generally supposed that the girl was told by her mother that her father was in a fit, and directed her to help hold him on the floor, and that the girl held his legs down, while the wife's hand was grasped on her husband's throat with a violence that deprived him of life.'

Though the execution was private, nearly 1000 people were assembled in the streets, Court House and public houses, in order to be as *near* the execution as possible! During the day up to the time of her execution, she lay almost motionless upon her bed, seemed engaged in deep and unhappy thoughts, and spoke only in whispers.

'She said she was prepared for death, having made her peace with her Maker.

At 20 minutes past twelve o'clock she was carried down to the room assigned for her execution, and placed in the chair under the spot where the cord passed down.

Having been placed in this position, the jailor seated beside her, she rested her head upon his shoulder, while a feeling and appropriate prayer was made.

What a sight! A woman—*a mother—a wife*,—charged with a number of murders, dressed in preparation for her execution, her arms bound down, seated under the instrument of death, silent and fixed, with but a few moments of existence left! And not an emotion visible!

The Sheriff then asked her:

'Mary Runkle, have you any word to say to this jury—to these people?'

To which she gave no answer..

The bell rang!—the cord was cut! and she was launched into eternity! Not a word—not a motion, but a very little heaving of the chest.

After hanging 25 minutes her body was cut down placed in the coffin and delivered to her friends.

Thus closed the earthly career of Mary Runkle!'

And we may add, thus have the people of this great State *imitated* the murderous deed of Mary Runkle, imbrueing *their* hands in blood, *because she had done so first*

TRICK OF THE NEW REVELATORS.

The New York 'Christian Messenger' states that the new paper called the 'Univercœlum,' published by A. J. Davis, new sect of Mesmerists, was sent to all the subscribers to that paper, (the Messenger)—that by some means or other this band of Simons Pure must have gotten possession of their list—whether by clairvoyance or otherwise they know not—and thus supplied them with the new paper without their leave or consent. The Messenger folks think, if this is the morality of the New Revelation, they should a little prefer that of the good old Bible of our forefathers; and we think so too.

REMOVALS, ETC.

We learn by the 'Trumpet' that Br. W. W. Dean, late of Juliet, Ill., has received and accepted an invitation to take the partoral charge of the Universalist Society at Fall River, Mass., 53 miles south of Boston, which we learn is an excellent society and in prosperous circumstances.

Br. R. P. Ambler, late of the Theological class in Clinton, we are happy to learn, is now preaching to great acceptance to the Universalist society in Albany. Br.

S. B. Brittan having gone from *Christian Universalism* to *A. J. Davis' Univercœlum.*

The Gospel Banner says, 'Br. Seth Stetson, with his family, has gone to the town of Lee, N. Y., to spend the winter. He will return to Maine in the spring we presume.' We hope, if Br. S. has come so near to us, we shall have the pleasure of seeing him, yes, and hearing him too during the winter.

Br. Daggett, late of Woodstock, Vt., has removed to Hartland; and Br. D. M. Reed, formerly of Orford, N. H., has removed to Woodstock, where our cause is in a most flourishing condition.

DECREASE OF ORTHODOXY IN VERMONT.

The Vermont Chronicle states that the Congregationalist denomination in that State has decreased materially for several years past, notwithstanding the increase of population; and that their numbers are now reduced to what they were fifteen years ago.

Br. T. J. S., on 'Conservatism and Radicalism,' is received and shall have a place next week. Sundry other artices from valued correspondents are received and shall have place as soon as we can possibly find room.

AN IMPORTANT MISTAKE.

In publishing the prospectus last week, an important item *in the terms* was omitted. After the line which reads, 'Or 5 copies to one person *without* names, for $5,' there should have been another, reading, ☞11 copies do. do., for $10.

We have corrected this error and wish our friends who take it upon them to procure subscribers to proceed accordingly. A. W.

☞ Br. I. G.'s remittance is thankfully received and endorsed on his note. The balance still due is $19,25.

Communications for Br. O. Whiston, late of Cooperstown, should be addressed to Nyack, Rockland Co. N. Y.

NOTICE.

The new Universalist meeting house lately erected in Rochester, will be dedicated to the worship of God, on Wednesday forenoon, December 15th. Services will commence at ¼-2 10 o'clock. There will be meetings through Wednesday and Thursday. Friends are invited to come and rejoice with us. Ministering brethren are most cordially desired to come. Visitors are requested to proceed to the meeting house on South Clinton street, where a committee will be in waiting to send them to places of accommodation. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Messenger and Star in the West are requested to copy the above.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The winter term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 15, and continue fourteen weeks.

Rev. T. J. SAWYER, M. A., Principal of the Male Department, and Teacher of German, and the Higher English Branches.

J. W. ROUND, M. A., Teacher of Greek and Latin.

B. W. CHASE, B. A., Teacher of Mathematics.

Miss M. RICHARDS, Principal o Female Department, and Teacher of French.

Miss J. E. BARKER, Teacher of Music.

Miss S. HUTCHINS, Teacher of Drawing.

Mr. W. MCNEAL, Teacher of Penmanship.

Mr. A. COUNTRYMAN, Teacher of Primary Department for Boys.

TUITION, including room rent, varies according to studies, from $4,50 to $7,50. Drawing and Penmanship are extra. Board may be had at from $1 to $2,00 per week, according to accommodations.

It is important that students should be present at the commencement of the term.

An Examination takes place on the last Friday of every term.

MAGAZINE & ADVOCATE.

PROSPECTUS

OF VOLUME XIX, FOR 1847, OF THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE & GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

REV. DOLPHUS SKINNER, EDITOR,

REVS. S. R. SMITH, J. M. AUSTIN, S. J. GIBSON, AND G. W. MONTGOMERY, REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The close of the current (18th) Volume of this paper is rapidly approaching, and a new one, (the 19th,) will commence with the year 1848. We are constrained once more to ask the aid of our friends and patrons to sustain one of the oldest (we will not say the best) papers devoted to the cause of Universalism,

Brethren, you know, or ought to know, the Magazine and Advocate well,—for what purpose it has existed amid the storms of error, superstition and contumely for *Eighteen* years, with what success it has withstood those storms, and been instrumental in advancing and building up the glorious cause it advocated and defended, the cause that *you* loved, or professed to love.

We say you know this—then it needs only for us to add that 'what man has done, man can do,' and if you will give us the small meed of assistance that we ask, we will keep the Magazine *doing*, for your edification and gratification.

With the *regular* labor of those whose names appear at the head of this prospectus, allowed to be among the ablest writers of our denomination, with whose writings you are familiar, and the frequent contributions of many other valued ministering and lay brethren throughout the State and Union, we hope to be able to return you at least a fair equivalent for the small amount we solicit from you.

We shall aim to make our paper both entertaining and useful. It will be devoted to the inculcation, defence and practical application of God's impartial grace and the universal holiness and happiness of the entire race of men. It will contain Sermons and Essays, doctrinal, moral and practical; Expositions of Scripture; Religious Intelligence; notices of the doings of Associations, and Conventions of our order generally, and of this State especially, of the formations of new Societies and Churches, Dedications, Ordinations, Installations, etc., and miscellaneous matter. Superadded to all these will be a *Juvenile* or *Youth's Department* for the especial benefit of the young, edited by our amiable and accomplished 'Uncle Joe.'

We shall aim to shun alike both Scylla and Charybdis—on the one hand to avoid bigotry and intolerance, and a cold and lifeless and formal Conservatism, that opposes all progress in religion; and on the other hand that restless and reckless transcendentalism that rushes from *terra firma* at once into the clouds and thence falls as suddenly into the mire of infidelity, regarding all *change* as *progress* till having passed through every possible change, like Abner Kneeland, it lands at last in blank Atheism. Pure Christianity gives a mild and steady and ever-increasing light, which both warms and invigorates while it enlightens and cheers the soul. This shall be the object of our labors.

In 1846 the list of patrons was very respectable but to our surprise and mortification it was less by several hundreds the present year, (1847.) The loss can, and we hope and trust it will be more than made up, yes, twice told, for 1848. The question is to you brethren,—Shall it be done?

We shall now call particular attention to the terms, by which it will be seen that great inducements are held out to clubs.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions, (or any number *less* than four,) $1,50.

4 copies to one office with subscribers' names				$5,00
7	"	"	"	8,00
10	"	"	"	10,00
21	"	"	"	20,00
42	"	"	"	40,00
53	"	"	"	50,00
Or 5 copies to one person *without* names				$5,00
11	"	"	"	10,00
22	"	"	"	20,00
33	"	"	"	30,00
44	"	"	"	40,00
55	"	"	"	50,00

Any person obtaining subscriptions and forwarding the pay will be allowed the due proportion for subscriptions obtained for any number from 5 upwards according to the terms.

For single subscriptions $1 will pay for eight months, 75 cents for six months, or 50 cents for four months.—The paper with back numbers will be sent to any person joining a club, after it is formed, and receiving his paper in the same package, at the same price, as the other members of the club. Two or three years experience has taught us that the ADVANCE PAY SYSTEM, is the only feasible one, and best for both publisher and subscriber, and it will be *strictly adhered to.*

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST THEREFORE BE PAID IN ADVANCE. All papers discontinued at the end of the time paid for. All communications should be addressed to A. Walker, No. 30 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y., and should be POST PAID to receive attention. We except those who write for the paper—those would do well to write their names on the outside of the letter.

It is to be hoped that every friend into whose hands this prospectus may fall, will canvass his neighborhood, obtain all the subscriptions he can, (or if he can not attend to it, hand it to some active and good man who can,) unite with others if any there be, and make returns to the publisher as soon if possible as the middle of December, 1847.

N. B. Notes of good banks of other States received at par. A. WALKER.

NEW SUPPLY OF BOOKS.

Just received at this Office, Br. L. C. Browne's Review of M. H. Smith, 75 cents. Mrs. Scott's Poems, 63 cents. The crown of Thorns, a new work by E. H. Chapin, 38 cents. Paige's Commentary, Vols. 1 and 2, $1.00 each. Ballou's Future Retribution, 50 cents. Skinner's Prayer Book, 50 cents. Ballou's notes on the Parables, 50 cents. Life of Murray, 50 cents. Orthodoxy as it is, 50 cents, Balch's Sunday School Manual, $2.50 per dozen. Skinner's Easy Lessons, for Sunday Schools, 75 cents per doz.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The EDITOR will preach at Clockville next Sunday.

J. H. PHILLEO will preach at Leroyville, Otsego co., the 1st Sunday, December 5th, A. M. and P. M.

MARRIAGES.

In Preston, June 2d, by the Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. LEROY L. ECCLESTON, to Miss HARRIET C. ECCLESTON, both of that town.

In the same town, September 2d, by the same, Mr. EDWARD R. CHAPIN, to Miss JOANNAH KEACH, both of that town.

In Oxford, October 10th, by the same, Mr. SHADRACH HORTON, of Windsor, Broome co., to Miss SARAH ANN DENISON, of Oxford.

In the Universalist church, in Preston, on the same day, by the same, Doct. GEORGE RIDDELL, of that place, to Miss HARRIET M. DARLING, of Norwich.

In Guilford, November 2d, by the same, Mr. JOSEPH YALE, to Miss SARAH ROOT, both of Guilford.

In Oxford, November 10th, by the same, Mr. JAMES H. SAYRE, of Elmira, Chemung co., to Miss JUDITH A. FISH, of the former place.

In Oxford, September 29th, by the Rev. H. E. Whitney, of Pa., Mr. PARIS WILCOX, to Miss BETSEY KNICKERBOCKER, both of Smithville.

Original.]

A RHAPSODY.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

The last scene of sadness
I pass through in tears,
But a vista of gladness
My vision now cheers,
A region whose portals,
The Seraphim guard,
The home of immortals
By sin never marred.

There seraphs are swelling
Their anthems divine,
Their beautiful dwelling
Is better than mine.
I love the earth's glories,
Its fountains and flowers,
The wild warbler's stories,
Soft moonlight and showers.

But health is departed
And pleasures are o'er,—
Once I was glad hearted,
But shall be no more.
The friends that have perished
Will never come back
The gems that I cherished
Will light not my track.

Oh earth thou art shaded,
Thy beauties are flown.
Thy joys are all faded
And I am alone!
Beyond thy dominions,
O fain would I rise,
On the freed spirit's pinions
To God's Paradise.

German, N. Y.

Original.

THE REMISSION OF SINS.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

'Without shedding of blood, is no remission."—HEBREWS, IX: 22.

This matter, the remission of Sins by the efficiency of the blood of Christ, seems to be a great stumbling block to the religious sentiments of many Universalists of the present day. They have been so used to having the old calvinistic notions of the atonement rung in their ears, that the veil is in this respect drawn over their faces yet. Strange as it may seem, there are such incongruous things among us as Calvinistic Universalists! I am well acquainted with, a certain deacon of one of our churches not more than twenty miles from the famous cataract of Niagara, who has long been of this sentiment—Calvinistic Universalism; and never fails to quote the text at the head of this article to substantiate the Calvanistic doctrine of the atonement. Hence, although he claims to be a Universalist, no Universalist preacher ever suits him, and while he aids in kindling the fire with one hand, he throws water on with the other.

The following seems to me to be the true exposition of the matter. Says the Apostle, in the 9th of Hebrews.

'For if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifeth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, *purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God?*

And for this cause, he is the Mediator of the New testament; that by means of death for the transgressions that were under the first testament, they (meaning the Jews, who were called to be the people of God,) which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance. For where the testament is, *there must of necessity be the death of the testator;* for a testament is of force after men are dead; Otherwise it is of no strength at all while the testator liveth.'

We may here discover that it is the *death* of Christ, and not the *blood* of Christ that is of any efficacy. And wherever the word *blood* is made use of in reference to the atonement, it is simply to designate the death of Christ in regard to the new testament. This blood of Christ purges 'the conscience from dead works, to serve the living God.' Dead works are nothing, but it is a purified and sanctified heart that is the thing that commends us to God. What were all the sacrifices and offerings of the wicked Jews to Ged. 'The sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination' to him. What were burtn offerings to Him? 'The cattle upon a thousand hills are his.'—Such vain works werenothing.' The Sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and contrite heart he will not despise.'

The pouring out of Christs' blood upon the cross was the means of his death. And why? Because 'the blood is the life of the flesh,' Lev. XVII, 11.

Now this blood was not poured out to appease any supposed wrath of God, nor because it had any mysterious effect to satisfy divine justice; for the soul that sinneth dies as much now as it did before Christ's blood was shed. But it was necessary that Christ's blood should be shed in order to make the new testament of any effect. i. e. it was necessary that Christ should *die*, by pouring out this blood. By so doing he set his seal to the new testament and rendered it efficacious. Hence the Apostle says in the above quotation.—'Where a testament is, there must *of necessity* be the death of the testator; for a testament is of force only after men are dead.—Otherwise it is of no strength at all, while the testator liveth.' The only efficacy in Christ's blood then, was in the loss of it. It produced death, and death was necessary to the seal of the testament.

How then does this blood 'purify the conscience from sin?' how does it 'purify form all sin?' The truth is, the blood of Christ as such, does no such thing. These are figurative expressions, metonymies, where the blood of Christ is put for the *truths* which he sealed with his blood; and these truths are embodied in the new testament. Hence, without the shedding of blood there would have been no *remission*, or abatement, of sin.

Many good people think that by Christ shedding his blood, he took upon himself the sins of the world, and answered to the Father for them all, and by the term 'Remission,' they seem to think all men's sins are suffered to pass unpunished. This is not so.

By the word 'Remission' here, is only meant the abatement, the doing away with sin; but 'by no means clearing the guilty.'

But how is this remission then performed? By the truths, the morality and the divine teachings of Christ in the new testament.

When men begin to believe and practice this divine morality, they begin to quit sinning. They cease to do evil and learn to do well.—Hence, their sins are, 'remitted' or abated—they are done away because they cease to sin. Christ taught that he should die and rise again. This gave the sinner a hope and strength in view of life and immortality: he was no more without hope and without God in the world. This teaching was rendered efficacious by the loss of his blood, which produced his death, which death sealed the new testament and caused its truths to lay hold upon the hearts of men and worked the 'remission,' the abatement and final cessation of sin; consequently, without the shedding of blood, there is no remission, for these truths would have attached to men's minds with efficacy, unless Christ had died and risen again.

We submit this view of the passage for what it is worth; and we deem if the spirit of it be rightly understood, the text need no longer be a stumbling block; and consequently this does away with the necessity of that clause of nondescripts among us entitled 'Calvinistic Universalists.'

BR. WILLIAMSON CURED OF ASTHMA.

We are happy to learn, by the following letter from Br. Williamson, to the Editor of the Star in the West, that he is cured at last of the truly distressing complaint with which he has been so long afflicted. We give his letter to the public, that others afflicted in the same way may avail themselves of the skill of Dr. Lee, and find relief as Br. W. has done.

'DEAR BR. GURLEY:—It is known to some of your readers and many of my friends, that I have recently found a cure for Athsma, with which I have suffered severely for many years. During my recent visit to the East, many anxious inquiries were made as to the means of a cure which appears astonishing.

To save further inquiries, and also to put others in the way of procuring a like relief, allow me to say, that I procured a prescription from Dr. Peter H. Lee of this city, to which alone I attribute a cure which I have every reason to believe perfect and radical. I have indeed no symptom or feeling of athsma left. The Doctor has an unconquerable repugnance to advertising or 'puffing,, and I beg you therefore on my account to inform those who are suffering as I have suffered, that, by addressing Dr. Lee, and inclosing, of course, a fee such as any respectable physician would charge for consultation, they may get from him advice and medicine, sent to any part of the Union, which I truly believe in nine cases out of ten performs an effectual cure of Athsma, no matter how bad or of how long standing the case may be. Through a long period of fifteen years I have suffered much—tried various medicines, and been acquainted with hundreds of cases, and I am well satisfied that Dr. Lee's is the *only* prescription that can be relied upon. Gratitude to him for the immeasurable relief he has wrought me, and a desire to serve the suffering, have alone induced me to make this public statement, which I do in the utmost confidence that those who follow my advice will not be disappointed.

I. D. WILLIAMSON.

☞ The address is Dr. Peter H. Lee, corner of 3d and Park Sts. Cincinnati.'

☞ Br. Ira Curtis, Auburn, Cayuga co., N. Y., keeps a full assortment of Universalist Books, wholesale and retail—with all new books as soon as published—also the Register and Almanac for 1847, '48.